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A
Journey to Hell :

OR, A
Visit paid to the Devil.

A
P O E M.

Ward

The Second Edition.



L O N D O N,

Printed, and are to be Sold by the Booksellers of
London and Westminster. 1700.

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A

Guide book to the Infernal

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THE PREFACE.

SINCE a Poet, in a piece of Satyr, like a Passionate Man in a Skirmish, may by accident offend those he never designed to meddle with, the Author, lest People should think he has too far jested with an Edge-Tool, has thought fit to declare, that he had no other Intention in the following Poem, than to apply it as a Carpenter does his Axe, when, to the hazard of its Edge, he strikes at those stubborn and irregular Knots which are a discredit to the Tree, and lessen the value of the Timber: Or as a Surgeon handles his Lancet, when he lays open a corrupt Member, which is both troublesome and scandalous to the sound parts of the Body. It is evident enough, there is no Church in the World but what has received some Blemishes from her Priests, meaning some few, who, for want of either Learning, Prudence, or Piety, have been a dishonour to their Function, such only I accuse; and I hope, should I blame Peter for denying his Master, or Judas for betraying Him, the rest of the Apostles would have no reason to be angry. If I am condemn'd for Arraigning 'em in the Lower Regions, which some of 'em have good reason to hope was prepar'd only for us Laymen, I have only this to say, that I am not the first that has plac'd a vicious Clergyman in the Infernal Territories; for Michael Angelo, the Famous Roman Painter, in his Resurrection in St. Peter's Chapel, had the presumption to paint a Cardinal in Hell, so very like the grave Father he represented, that every body knew the Picture, which put the good Old Gentleman under so great a Dissatisfaction, that he complain'd to the Pope, and desir'd he would Command it should be rub'd out; who told him, he was got quite out of his Jurisdiction, saying, If he had been but a step on this side, he could have released him from Purgatory, but having not the Keys of Hell, from thence there could be no Redemption.

The PREFACE.

The next part of my Apology, is to the Learned Professors both of Law and Physick, for whom (as well as the Orthodox Clergy of the English Church) I have a peculiar Veneration, who cannot be insensible what swarms of hungry and unskilful Practicers in both Sciences there are, who fraudulently prey upon the honest Labours of the Publick, at such only is this Satyr pointed, who support themselves basely by others Ruin, and have no just Prospect, for want of true Knowledge in their Business, to preserve themselves from Beggary; but by often bringing others into it; one side plunging their Clients further into Trouble, instead of helping them out; and the other, instead of recovering their Patients of Curable Distempers, will, if they be Poor, thro neglect; or if Rich, by delays of Cure, for Interest sake, be the Death of some, and the undoing of others, to their whole Lives Misery. Therefore, since it as essentially relates to the Comforts of the Life of Man, to know what other People are, as well as what he himself should be, I thought it no Ill Task to Communicate to the World what knowledge of Mankind I have gathered from my own Experience; the Good wont hurt us, tis the Bad we must be Cautious how we deal with; for which reason, I have herein separated the Wicked from the Godly, representing only the former, to show Youth what Monsters in Humane Shape they must expect to meet with in this World, tho' of the most Noble Professions. Therefore, my whole Design is only to make Men careful with what Priests they trust their Souls; with what Lawyers their Estates; and with what Physicians their Bodies. And if this Part of my Undertaking succeed well, and that the World is pleased with it, they shall hear further from me on the same Subject; for in this I had not room to half finish my Design. So Farewel.

A Jour-

(152)

Then into Holes and Crannies did I dive,
 Where Badger, Fox, and lundry Vennine live;
 Where Moles were labouring to enlarge their Home;
 And buzzing Bees made Muck o'er their Combs.
 Farther I dived thro' the porous Earth,
 To seek the Worm whence Nature had her birth.

Journey to Hell:

OR, A

Visit paid to the Devil.

CANTO I.

WHEN *Western* Clouds involved the God of Day,
 And all the *Eastern* Starry Orbs look'd bright;

When Sots their *Tavern Bacchanals* began,
 And *Thetis* at a draught drank up the Sun;
 Whilst *Luna* with her *Silver Horns* did neigh,
 To bless the *Night*, and bear *Dominion* there;
 'Twas then that I, my better self, my soul
 Broke loose, and thro' my *Prison Calamities* stole,
 And glad I'd thrust off my *Earthly Chains*,
 Danc'd like a flaming *Vapour* round the *Plains*,
 I then thro' *Brakes* and over *Whit-Pools* flew,
 Till tir'd with only *superficial view*;

Thus

B

Then

Then into Holes and Crannies did I dive,
 Where Badger, Fox, and sundry Vermine live;
 Where Moles were labouring to enlarge their Homes,
 And buzzing Bees made Musick o'er their Combs.
 Farther I darted thro' the porous Earth,
 To seek that Womb whence Nature had her Birth,
 But found the hidden Mistry far too great,
 And for a Human Soul too intricate:
 Causes with sundry Causes mix'd I found,
 Each Matrix did with proper Seeds abound,
 But why those Seeds their likeness shou'd produce,
 Their Form preserve, or still the same in use,
 My shallow Reason neither see or knew,
 But found each Cause did the Decrees pursue.
 Of some Eternal Pow'r beyond dim Reasons view.
 Thro' deeper Caverns still I forc'd my way,
 Where useless Drégs of the old Chaos lay,
 Involv'd in Night, remote, and never seen by Day,
 Where Plagues and Pestilential Fumes were pent,
 Till Heav'n's Decree should give them fatal vent:
 Where greater Spirits do the Elements controul,
 And Human-like, contend for Sov'reign Pow'r:
 Where Streams thro' subterranean Channels run,
 And fight with Winds far distant from the Sun;
 Whose violent Shocks the World can scarce survive,
 But tremble at the very strokes they give,
 And where Heaven's Judgments in subjection lay,
 Ready the dreadful Trumpet to obey,
 And work the World's destruction at the last sad Day.

((78))

Thus thro' Nights deep Avenues did I pass,
 Where all was rudeness as in the unformed Mass:
 Thro' Death's dark frightful Prisons then I went,
 Where ghastly Spectres their Follies past lament,
 And in despairing Sighs such Discord make,
 No Soul could hear, but of their Grief partake,
 Dreading from thence they had remove each Hour,
 To endless Pains, where Time shall be no more.
 So the poor Thief, when seiz'd for his Offence,
 Finds his own Conscience Judge and Evidence:
 And thus, before he to the Bar shall come,
 Dreads with sad Terror his succeeding Doom.
 Up to Elysium, or the Shades below.

I forward press'd, to behold of their Case, I told him I
 Freed from my Bark, Death ask'd me for no Pass,
 But boldly shot the Adamantine Gates
 Without repulse, unquestion'd by the Fates,
 Who busie fate, with Dittan, Reel, and Knife,
 Spining and cutting Man's short Threads of Life.
 O'er scorching Sands, where fiery Seeds lay hid,
 I Travell'd till the Hell of Hell I spy'd,
 High were their gloomy Heads, the wooden Path to divide
 I ventur'd forwards, till to Styx I came,
 Which none like mine vapours in a flame,
 Its poysonous Fumes to Fate and Fate, I saw
 None but Immortal Spirits can endure.
 I stood a while, and ponder'd by the Lake
 Upon the frightful Voyage I had tak'd.
 With humble Words, that with him might prevail,
 O that my Fate on Board and see up sail.

CANTO II

My Resolutions now much stronger grew,
My first Intentions to at last pursue,
Charon I call'd, his leaky Boat to Freight,
Who in's infernal Pinnace nodding fate:
Hearing a Voice he started, and with speed,
He drag'd his rotten Bark from Mud and Weed:
With painful pulls he brought her to the Shore,
Black with the Guilt of those he'd waisted o'er.
The grisly Churl ask'd whither I would go,
Up to Elizium, or the Shades below.

I told him I to Pluto's Court was bound,
Where restless Souls amidst their Pains are found.
The frowning Pilot, finding me alone,
E'en bid me wait, for he'd not carry One.
'Twas I, said he, this Ferry first began,
And held it ever since the Fall of Man,
But never yet, as Pluto knows full well,
E'er waisted o'er one single Soul to Hell.
On Earth of what Employment could'st thou be,
Who com'st so destitute of Company:
Hard was thy Fare to these dark Shades unknown,
Thou art the first that e'er was Dagon'd alone.

I heard his Questions, but no Answer made,
And what he further ask'd did still evade,
With humble Words, that with him might prevail,
To take his Fare on Board and set up Sail.

But

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But all my soft Persuasions would not make
 The grim Tarpaulin his old Custom break,
 Who gently row'd his Ferry to and fro,
 Bauling aloud, *Fly, downward, downward ho.*
 Thus for more Company being forc'd to wait,
 Down on the Bank, amongst the Weeds I sat,
 And looking round me, at a distance saw,
 A loit'ring Crowd towards Charon's Ferry draw:
 They gently crept along, oft seem'd to stay,
 And hung their Arses as if bound thither way,
 So the Wretch, drove to suffer for his Crime,
 Now steps, then stops, to lengthen out the Time.

Charon look'd out, the Multitude drew nigh,
 P--- on, says the Churl, this sorry fry
 Are Lawyers Souls, I know them by their dye.
 Close to the Stygian Banks at last they came,
 Showing some signs of Sorrow, some of Shame,
 Despair and Anguish in their Looks I read,
 Each did his sultry unknown Voyage dread,
 And Transport-like, as gladly would be drown'd,
 As see the slavish Shore to which they're bound.
 Charon pull'd near, but grumbld in the Throat,
 Your ponderous Bills will never let me float,
 You always come in Crowds, enough to sink my Boar:
 If Hell in such mean Traffick means to Trade,
 Pluto must get a stronger Vessel made:
 But come, step in, and do not make me stay,
 Pray trim the Boar, whilst I my Stretcher lay.

Then

Then in we hobbl'd from a steep Descent,
 Hoisted up Sail, and on our way we went;
 I, not confin'd by the Decree of Fate,
 Amongst the fighting Crew with Pleasure sat,
 Bearing some glim'rings of Celestial Light,
 With them compar'd, look'd innocent and bright,
 As the tan'd Mariner 'mongst Negro Slaves looks white.
 My Soul was light, and they so weighty were,
 We held no poize, made *Charon* curse his Fare,
 Who pull'd and puff'd; still roar'd with open Throat,
 W---nds move your Shades, and better trim the Boat,
 The Larboard Gunhil's almost under Water;
 For me, the Devil waft such Fares hereafter:
 My Soul considering her diviner Air,
 No ballance with their heavy Crimes could bear,
 Slept from the side, and in the Center lay,
 And to the Churls content well crish'd the Boat,
 Which *Charon* skull'd a head with mighty pains,
 Deep Laden as a Western Barge from Spain.
 Downwards our Course, and as more way we made,
 The Rocky Beach still loftier rais'd its Head,
 Whose thistly Product all look'd parch'd and dry,
 Like Weeds long how'd that in the Sun-shine lye:
 Vapours condens'd hung low ring o'er each Head,
 And sporting Demons round the Vessel play'd,
 Night-Ravens, Bats, and Screech-Owls then drew near,
 To give old *Charon*, as he pass'd, a Cheer;
 And with their horrid Shrieks alarm'd each frighted Ear,
 Mix'd with the Groans of filthy Souls from Stews,
 Condemn'd to Fetters in the stinking Ouse.

Thus

(11)

Thus the black Judge such Punishment contrives;
 As bears proportion to their odious Lives:
 Serpents, like River-fish, their freaks would take,
 And skip above the surface of the Lake,
 Where Furies came from their more curs'd abodes,
 To catch and bundle up their snaky Rods.

Charon now said, his labouring Oar forsook,
 A Dram of some infernal Spirits took,
 And 'twixt his Jaws a Pipe of flaming sulphur stuck;
 Then to his Oars himself again apply'd,
 And to his Fare the merry Slave thus cry'd,
 Chear up, ye sullen Shades, and be not dull;
 (Then adding strength, he gave a strenuous pull;)

You who'n the upper World, in long delays
 Of Justice, and in Quarrels spend your Days,
 Hold up your drooping Heads, more Courage shew,
 Than fear th' immortal Discords here below.
 You that have pass'd the Adamantine Gates,
 Grim King of Terrors, and the moody Fates,
 Shake off your cowardly Fears, and with a Grace
 Look the stern Prince of Darkness in the Face.

They shook their Ears, and signs of Horror shew'd,
 Great their Despair, and great their sinful load:
 Their guilty Forms no Comfort could receive,
 Or could they one defensive Answer give,
 But hung their thoughtful Heads, look'd *Al-d-mort*,
 Like sullen Convicts in a Tyburn-Cart.

The trembling souls gave notice at the Gate,
 By
 DREAD-

By this time to a narrow Gulph we came,
 The Lake descending in a rapid Stream;
 Darkness all round above our Heads were set;
 Lock'd in with Mountains in conjunction met;
 Where clacks of Whips, and distant Yells were heard,
 But nothing seen, Night only here appear'd.
 This Current brought us to the deep Abyss,
 Unknown to Light, to Harmony, and Peace,
 Where Souls the painful Strings of Conscience bear,
 And nothing dwells but Horror and Despair.
 Bring come to th' brink of the Infernal Cell,
 Our Pilot steering to the Wharf of Hell,
 Landed his Fare, and bid us all farewell.

CANTO III

Thus put on Shore upon the dismal Strand,
 Where fiery Atoms sparkled from the Sand:
 Sighing my Comrades stood, and made their moan,
 Like Seamen Shipwreck'd on a Coast unknown,
 Whilst I unfor'd had little cause to mourn,
 But was commission'd safely to return.
 Time prun'd his Wings, and hasten'd on with speed,
 The dreadful Moment that the Gods decreed,
 The drooping Wretches should their entrance make,
 At Hell's wide Porch that guards the burning Lake,
 Compell'd by the extrinseck power of Fate,
 The trembling Souls gave notice at the Gate,

((13))

Dreading those Torments which the Ills they'd done
 Deserv'd, and was not in their power to shun.
 Cerberus growl'd, his Three-tone Snarl we heard,
 The Chain he rattled, and the Gate unbar'd
 To Pluto's Court we thus admitted were,
 Dusky his Mansions, sultry hot the Air:
 The Door shut after's with a frightful Clap,
 From those sad Confiners could be no escape.
 Fetters and Links did at a distance clink;
 Sad Howls we heard, and nothing smelt but Stink;
 Nauseous as are the Fumes of smothering Straw,
 Great heat we felt, and gloomy Fires we saw,
 Glowing like burning Piles of Turf or Pear,
 Whilst groaning Souls lay basking in the Heat.

My sad Companions were receiv'd by throngs
 Of envious Spirits, arm'd with fiery Prongs,
 Who clap'd their pointed Wings, and with a Yell,
 Gave 'em a dreadful Welcome into Hell,
 And led 'em Captive to a leathsome Cell;
 Whilst I some Rays of Innocence diffus'd,
 Unquestion'd pass'd, by all the Guards excus'd:
 As he that visits Bridewell, with intent
 To Goodness learn from others Punishment,
 Does fearless thro' the Prison confines rove,
 Whilst guilty Slaves are to Correction drove,
 Vast streams of melted Minerals ran down,
 'Twixt glowing Banks of Adamantine Stone,
 Roaring like Cataracts on ev'ry side,
 Flowing with violence, like an eager Tide:

D

Where

Where Souls unpity'd are condemn'd to dwell,
 Whilst Heav'n's without controul, or Hell is Hell.
 They Plow'd the Fiery Surges to get free,
 But sunk again, like Monsters in the Sea,
 Or as the Poor on Earth, born down by Destiny.
 Near these were punish'd in Ignifluous Vaults,
 The grearest Spirits for the biggest Faules:
 Where I with pity and amazement view'd,
 Princes of old, once stil'd so Great and Good,
 Held so Immaculate, so all Divine,
 That God's could scarce with greater Glories shine;
 High in the Scafe, Victorious in the Field,
 Abroad had Conquer'd, and at Home had Kill'd;
 Wise in their Conduct, and approv'd their Cause,
 Mighty in Pow'r, and equal in Applause:
 Flatter'd on Earth by Poets and by Priests,
 Yet doom'd at last to be Infernal Guests:
 How much, thought I, do we mistake above,
 Who esteem Pow'r a mark of Heaven's Love:
 When thus I saw their grand Fatigues on Earth,
 Their Noble Spirits and Illustrious Birth,
 Their glorious Blood shed in the wreaking Field,
 For Crowns, or to enlarge Dominion spill'd.
 Resistless Arms, and Arbitrary sway,
 That forces ravish'd Countries to Obey.
 Their dangerous Battels which they once might boast,
 Crown'd with Success, by no ill-fortune cross'd,
 Were punish'd here as Princely Iils, too great
 For common sinners Slaves to perpetrate.

(13)

Some Crimson Hero's painted o'er with Blood,
 Storming amidst the sweating Torments stood,
 Rail'd against Kingdoms they had basely won,
 And raving, curs'd each sanguine Ill they'd done,
 Accusing of Severity their Fate,
 Made 'em renounce all Goodness to be Great.
 Thus Tyrants, who so lordly once appear'd,
 Rush'd on at all, nor God nor Devil fear'd,
 In these dark Regions are decreed to know,
 Tho' once they Rul'd above, they must Obey below,
 And change that Splendor which deceiv'd the Crowd;
 For guilty Consciences that cry'd aloud;
 So the proud Combatants before they fall,
 Look'd bright in Heav'n, but now look black in Hell.
 Others thro' moody Pride condemn'd their Chains,
 And bore with fullen hardiness their Pains;
 Slighted their Sufferings, patient stood and mute,
 As N----- when tortur'd with the Boor;
 Whilst some bemoan'd their Doom, their Crimes expos'd,
 In Sighs and Tears their sad Despair disclos'd.
 Whose cow'rdly Souls bewail'd their wretched state,
 And beg'd for Mercy, but alas too late;
 Railing at Eve, on her the blame they laid,
 Who to such Miseries had her Sons betray'd,
 Crying, O wretched Soul, that art Immortal made,

From thence I wander'd thro' a stately Porch,
 Where Carbuncles supply'd the Lights of Torch;
 Flashes of Fire they darted from on high,
 Like Beams of Light'ning from a stormy Sky.

OTNAO

This

This Entry to a spacious Cavern led,
 Where Azure Lamps with Oil of Sulphur fed,
 Hung blinking round the subterranean Hall,
 Num'rous as Beauties at a Prince's Ball,
 But dim as Tapers at an Emperor's Funeral.
 I gaz'd around, and at a distance off,
 Saw Pillars of rough Adamant sustain the Roof,
 Compos'd of Coral, whose Igniscent Red,
 Shone like forg'd Bars on Vulcan's Anvil laid,
 Beset with Gems that made a glorious show,
 And Orient Pearl adorn'd the sides below;
 With Furies, Whips, and Prongs Infernal grac'd,
 Which were as Arms in a Guard-Chamber plac'd;
 Fearless I walk'd, till further did intrude,
 And Pluto's Palace with amazement view'd,
 Till to a Bar at th' upper-end I came,
 Gilded with Fire, and burnish'd o'er with Flame;
 Within whose Bounds was held th' Infernal Court,
 Withour stood ghastly Prisoners *All-a-mort*;
 Whilst *Radamanthus* on his Judgment-seat,
 Like an old *Bridewell*-Judge look'd Grave and Great,
 Awarding Pains proportion'd to the Sin
 Of Souls condemn'd, by Hell's black Guards brought in,
 From mighty *Jove's* High Court of Justice sent,
 As Convicts to receive their Punishment.
 Fresh enter'd Sinners made the Fiends new Sport,
 Who haul'd th' unwilling Wretches into Court,
 As Serjeants when their Prey want Coin or Bail,
 Lug the poor Prisoner headlong to a Goal.

(17)

CANTO IV.

A Train of vicious Priests did first draw near,
 Guarded as Culprits to a Sessions-Bar;
 Some in long Cloaks, and Gowns, great Coats and Bands,
 With brainless Heads, grave Looks, and close clinch'd Hands;
 For Spirits, by report of old, appear
 In the same Shape they did, when living were:
 Or else when Goblins, being vex'd and cross'd,
 At Midnight rove from Pillar unto Post, (Ghost)
 How should the frighted Bumpkin know his Neighbour's?
 A prattling Devil rises, and at large,
 Opens before the Court this following Charge.

The Pris'ners at the Bar, nor learn'd, nor wise,
 Nor having Grace of Heaven before their Eyes,
 Have with a carnal Weapon, call'd the Tongue,
 Abus'd what's Righteous, and maintain'd whar's Wrong;
 Wounding Religion, and oppos'd the Truth,
 And with their Whimsies maim'd and tripp'd both.
 Also by Laziness and Looseness shew,
 They ne'er would practice what they taught or knew;
 But by their Lives on Earth made Morals think
 Their only Duty was to Eat and Drink.
 On Pigs and Geese luxuriously they fed,
 By humble Peasants at their Groundel's laid;
 Who were themselves content with Bread and Cheese,
 Small-Beer, Skim-Milk, and such like things as these,
 Yet labour'd hard to keep their wanton Guides in Ease.

E

Whilst

Whilst they Carous'd, and did on Dainties Dine,
 Squeezing each Bigot's Cupboard, and his Wine,
 As if their God was Meate, and Paradise was Wine.
 And when they rais'd their Lust by luscious Food,
 To bless with more increase the Pious Blood,
 And kiss the Godly Dame was held divinely Good.
 Further they would with Things unjust comply
 For Gain, and ask no other reason why:
 Preach Pro and Con, with any Faction side,
 To gain their Ends, and gratifie their Pride;
 Yet made the Ignorant by their Cant Believe,
 They could assurance of Salvation give,
 To all that pin'd their Faith upon their Pastor's Sleeve.
 The Laws they taught their very Lives deny'd,
 Enjoying all to others they deny'd.
 The Rich they envy'd and the Poor abus'd,
 Extolling Charity, but none they us'd:
 Rail'd at the Miser, and his rusty hoard,
 Declar'd how Charity's in Heaven stor'd,
 Yet never lent themselves one Penny to the Lord,
 But did in riotous Excesses live,
 Coveting all things, yet would nothing give.
 As walking in the upper World one Day,
 A Lame poor Wretch stood begging in their way;
 Great were his Wants, but their Neglects were such,
 He nocht down nineteen Teachers on his Crutch,
 On whom thro' Heav'n he did for succour call,
 But got not one small Alms amongst 'em all.

(19)

The Cripple turn'd to's mumping Mate, says he,
 If Charity, alas, be Heaven's Key,
 How will these sable Souls admittance get,
 From whom we ne'er obtain'd one Batching yet
 Poh, says the other, I have beg'd of many,
 When young I was, but never got one Penny;
 And now I've learn'd more Wit than e'er to beg of any.
 The Hypocrite they damn'd, and let at nought,
 Yet play'd the same thro' ev'ry Hour they taught;
 With Eyes turn'd up, as a Religious Grace,
 They daily flatter'd Heaven to its Face;
 And ev'ry Name of Lord they bawl'd aloud,
 More to amuse, than to instruct the Crowd.
 When all their thoughtless Nonsense spoke beside,
 If by the touch of common Reason try'd,
 Was something that just nothing signify'd,
 The Doctrine of Forgiveness would they give;
 But injur'd once, revenge it whilst they live:
 Many commit, but no Affronts would bear,
 And when provok'd, they so Contentious were,
 That with Stiff-Necks, and Hearts as hard as Rocks,
 Rather than lose an Egg, they'd spend an Ox.
 Deliv'ring each poor En'my, to the Jaws
 Of that wild Monster the devouring Laws:
 Where Justice is no off so dearly bought,
 The Wrong's most cheap where Justice ne'er is sought.
 These are the Ills for which they're higher sent,
 By Heav'n's Decree, to rective Punishment;
 Therefore, my Lord, what now remains for you,
 Is to award such Pains as are their due.

The Judge arising did his Task assume,
 And gravely standing thus pronounc'd their Doom :
 Altho', says he, in diff'rent Robes you came,
 I find your Ills are equally the same :
 I decree therefore you alike shall feel,
 A Tythe of all the Punishments in Hell.
 And as you, when you did on Earth reside,
 The Poor neglected, who on Alms rely'd,
 So shall you Mercy crave, but always be deny'd :
 They nothing had on their behalfs to say,
 But whimper'd, and by Fiends were drag'd away.

CANTO V.

Before the next surprising Scene appear'd,
 A noise of strange tumultuous Tongues I heard,
 They nearer still approach'd, till grown as loud,
 As the base Murmurs of a Trait'rous Crowd,
 Rais'd by some Statesman's Tool, to perpetrate
 Some ill Design against a sinking State.
 At last in view there came a wond'rous Throng
 Of fetter'd Convicts, all upon the Tongue :
 Each to the other did confus'dly Prate,
 Like tat'ling Gossips in a drunken Chat ;
 Or else like Temple Students, when they call,
 To fright the crasse Bench, *A Hall, a Hall* :
 Grave Robes and Gowns of sundry sorts they wore,
 And many Badges of distinction bore,
 Some old Grey-Heads, with Silk and Flax adorn'd,
 Whose wrinkled Brows, as well as Toes, were Com'd

(21)

By Wives too young for Sixty, and too old
 To bribe off Loves Enjoyments with their Husbands Gold;
 Gouty and Lame these Sages limp'd along,
 And were advanc'd the foremost in the Throng;
 All seeming by their mercenary Looks
 Cunning as Foxes, and as sharp as Hawks:
 Their Palms look'd black by taking Bribes of Coin;
 As Slaves who labour in an *Indian* Mine:
 Methoughts I heard 'em cry, Ne'er fear, go on,
 My Fee, my Fee, your Business shall be done;
 Money's the Life, the Spirit of the Laws,
 Find me but that, and never fear your Cause.
 These were succeeded by the Clerks o'th' Court,
 The lesser Scribes, that do the greater hurt,
 Whose woful earnest of a Ten Groats Fee
 Enters the Client first in Miseric:
 Of these some Beaus, and some precise In Bands,
 With Parchment Rows, like Truncheons in their Hands;
 Their Pockets stuff'd with Scrawls, like Poet Bays,
 For expedition some, and some delays;
 Under their Arms green Woollen Snap-sacks hung,
 Fill'd with learn'd Instruments of Right and Wrong:
 There follow'd next to these a spurious sort
 Of Pettyfogs, meer Locusts of the Court,
 Who often help the former to deceive,
 And eat up what the bigger Vermin leave.
 Some by their Shop-board Looks were Taylors bred,
 But broke, and on their Backs had scarce a Shred;
 Not only in their Lives, but Looks were Knaves,
 Litigious from their Cradles to their Graves.

Vers'd in those Querks, amongst the Scribes they saw,
 After long Troubles did themselves withdraw,
 From making Sures of Cloaths, to manage Suits of Law:
 Well knowing it requires an equal Skill,
 To make a Lawyer's, or a Taylor's Bill.
 Amongst this paltry Crew, were Ten to One
 Bred up to Trades, but by the Law undone:
 And thus distress'd, most equitably fought
 Relief from that which had their Ruin brought:
 Or else resolv'd, from being basely us'd,
 T' abuse the Law, by which they'd been abus'd,
 So the poor Wretch, who Witchcraft has endur'd,
 If once she claws the envious Hag she's cur'd.
 Some in Freeze-Coats, strait Wiggs, and flapping Hars,
 Great Beards, and dirty Hands, like Counter Rats,
 With Looks undaunted, at their Heels a Straw,
 Bold Teasers and Tormenters in the Law:
 Tho' all the knavish Knowledge they had in't,
 Was learn'd 't' Fryars, Newgate, or the Mint:
 These in each Cause, to manifest their Care,
 Wou'd, if they're hir'd, Sollicit or Forswear:
 Stand stiffly to a Point, the World might see,
 Their Clients should, by them, no Sufferers be.

Bailiffs and Hangmen did the next appear,
 And Goalers too were crowded in the Rear;
 Why these were mix'd, I ask'd, and 'twas because
 These were the Plagues and Periods of the Laws,
 Whom all Mankind with equal Odium hate,
 For Rog'ries done so despicably great.

These

(23)

These hung an Arse, and crept so slow along,
 A Devil spurr'd them forward with his Prong:
 And at their Laziness with Rage inflam'd,
 Cry'd, move you Rogues, walk faster, and be damn'd,
 A Hangman angry at the gross Affront,
 Turn'd back his Head, and answer'd him as blunt,
 Why Rogue, and please your Worship, what d'ye mean,
 I have as honest as my Masters been:
 I from all blame by Humane Laws am freed,
 And only finish'd what the Court decreed:
 What if some Wretches should unjustly die,
 The Fault is not in me or my Employ;
 Those that Convicted 'em were R---s, not I.
 These, tho' alike, by no means could agree,
 Or to each Brother Villain civil be.
 The Bailiffs on the Hangmen look'd awry,
 Each Carnifex return'd an evil Eye,
 As threat'ning to be with them by and by,
 Like signs of Terror on their Brows did sit,
 One fear'd a Rope, the other fear'd a Writ:
 Mutual Aversions were on each entail'd,
 From Bailiffs oft being Hang'd, and Hangmen Goal'd:
 Twixt Fear and Hate they did each other greet,
 As a poor Bankrupt, who by chance shall meet
 The Creditor he's Cozen'd in the Street.

Round the Infernal Court they all were haul'd,
 The first Division to the Bar were call'd,
 The Charge brought down from the High Court of Jove,
 Of which they'd all Convicted been above:

Silence

Silence was first proclaim'd in the Divan,
 And Hell's Attorney-General thus began:
 My Lord, the Grave, Wise Culprits at the Bar,
 Who rais'd amongst Mankind perpetual War;
 By some call'd Lawyers, and by some Be-knav'd,
 Who by sly Querks the Upper-World enslav'd;
 Subtle as Foxes, who with Tongues, not Claws,
 Dug themselves Holes, and burrow'd in the Laws;
 Skill'd to unravel Justice, but instead,
 A hundred Wrongs to one just Act they did;
 Till by ill use so mercenary grown,
 They valu'd no Man's Welfare but their own:
 By study'd means would tedious Suits create,
 And spin each Contest to a long Debate;
 For other Persons plead, but get themselves the Estate.
 Justice behind so many Querks they've put,
 None but the long full Purse can find her out.
 In vain by Thousands has she oft been sought,
 But seldom found but when too dearly bought.
 These her dark Agents, to their Country's Shame,
 Gilded their Frauds and Knaveries with her Name,
 But seldom would regard the hoodwink'd heavenly Dame.
 Bias'd by Briberies to the strongest side,
 Rich Men were serv'd, when Paupers were deny'd:
 For golden Fees each sold his silver Tongue,
 The Money'd Cause was right; if starv'd, 'twas wrong.
 The Poor thus slighted seldom could prevail;
 Large Fees the Pleader turn'd, and he the Scale,
 From him to whom the Ballance should encline
 By right, but perishes for want of Coin.

(24)

Contentious Suits and Quarrels they began
 Oft to th' undoing of the Just Good Man,
 By wilful Flaws in Deeds, they might avoid;
 Thus err'd with Pens, their Tongues might be employ'd
 Till the poor sufferers Bags had largely paid;
 For mending Faults their knavish Lawers made;
 If the Rich Miller ask'd their sage Advice
 In a bad Case, they'd only say, 'twas Nimb
 But if their Clients to the Judge was drawn,
 And had no Money, or Estate to draw,
 Tho' good his Cause, 'twas bad, not worth the carrying on;
 So the Youth, poison'd with a Harlots Eye,
 Is Hug'd and Flatter'd till the flocks are dry;
 But when she's Jilted him of all the court,
 Foh! his Breath stinks, and all his Talk is rude.
 Improv'd litigious Suits by ill Advice,

Th' Infernal Orator now paus'd a space,
 He hawk'd and spit, blow'd Nose, and wip'd his Face:
 B'ing thus refresh'd, he turn'd his lawcer Eyes,
 And to Attorneys thus himself applies,
 You who in Times of old did Ink-horns wear
 In Leathern Zones, and Pens in twilted Hair;
 Whose Locks were Comb'd as lank, and cut as short;
 As best should seem the pleasure of the Court.
 Who now on Earth as num'rously abound,
 As Rooks and Magpies in a new sown Ground!
 These by foul Practice and Extortion thriv'd,
 And beggar'd half the Country where they liv'd;
 Reviv'd old Discords, kindl'd up new Flame,
 And sow'd Contention wheresoe'er they came;

To pick the Purse of each laborious Slave,
 Who Thrashes hard to feed the greedy Knave,
 Buoy'd up with hopes he shall Victorious be,
 He sweats and toils a Week to earn a Fee,
 Then to next Market rides before his Dame,
 And to his Scribe presents, with scraping Leg, the same.
 Who bids the Booby Client cheer his Hearn,
 And haughtily does bad Advice impart,
 Fear not, says he, I'll make the Rascal smart;
 But when his Purse has yielded up its Store,
 His Cause proves bad, if he can bleed no more.
 You told me, wrong, did several things amiss,
 Agree, agree, it proves an ugly Case.
 Thus by long Bills stuff'd with unlawful Fees,
 They tax'd the Farmer as themselves should please:
 Improv'd litigious Suits by ill Advice,
 Eat up full Barns and Acres in a trice,
 And plagu'd the sinful Land like Egypt's Frogs and Lice.
 As they from Leathern Belt to Sword arose,
 And from a rural Grey to Town-made Cloaths,
 The greater value on their Pains they laid,
 The more impos'd, the Client still obey'd,
 And scrap'd and bow'd more low at ev'ry word he said.
 These were the Locust first from Envy bred,
 Who like the Drone, on others Labours fed;
 And such insatiate Appetites they shew,
 As still devour'd, and still more hungry grew.
 So the lean Miser, that improves his Store,
 Becomes more close and greedy than before,
 And as he grows more Rich, the more he grinds the Poor.

This

This said, the penfive Scribes were all set by,
 And to the Bar they call'd the lesser Fry,
 Those worser Knaves, than Pestilential Throng,
 Who in the Rear-Division march'd along,
 The Court amaz'd to see so vile a Train,
 The sable Pleader thus again began:
 Of these, my Lord, but little need be said,
 The worst of Rogues that Human Race e'er bred,
 In Frauds and Cheats, all others these excell,
 A curse to Earth, and now a Shame to Hell,
 Treach'rous their Trade, and odious as its Name,
 Abhor'd of all the World from whence they came:
 These at no Crime or Villany would start,
 But boast and glory in each roguish part,
 Hell's sharpest Pains scarce equals their Deserts,
 Concluding thus, the Judge himself begins,
 And pronounc'd Sentence in the following Lines:
 You in grave Robes, most learn'd in Human Laws,
 Who by locutions Arts could damn a Cause,
 Tho' ne'er so just, and make the wrong appear,
 When e'er you pleas'd indisputably clear,
 And since these Ills were all for Riches done,
 A melted Mine of Gold shall ever run,
 Upon your greedy Palms, and drop upon each Tongue.
 Thus shall your Crimes (by this my just Decree,)
 Done for the lucre of a golden Fee,
 With Gold be punish'd to Eternity.
 And you the mercenary Clerks o' th' Court,
 Who made your Clients ruine but your Sport,

And by Neglect, or by unlawful Speed,
 Gave Mortals twice the trouble that you need;
 Who held it just, in practice of the Laws,
 To widen Discords, and prolong the Cause,
 Whilst the large Purse did with advantage fight,
 And conquer'd him that had the greatest Right;
 Then with long Bills the vanquish'd Wretch pursue,
 And make him pay half double what's his due:
 To you a new-found Punishment I'll give,
 Amongst old Hags and Furies shall you live,
 There Scratch and Claw, and in confusion fight,
 Till Hell wants Darknels, and the Heavens Light;
 There shall you strive to mitigate your Pain,
 And reconcile your Foes, but all in vain.
 Furies shall scourge you with their Scorpion-Rods,
 Beneath the reach of Mercy from the Gods,
 Thus dwell involv'd in Night, eternally at odds.
 And as for you, * curs'd even from your Birth,
 The very dregs of all the Rogues on Earth,
 Offspring of Devils, and by Nature base,
 Ne'er bless'd with one small Ray of Heav'n's Grace,
 But led to Crimes, by such degenerate Wills,
 That knew no Pleasure but in acting Ills;
 The hottest Mansions of the deep Abyss,
 Where fiery Snakes and Salamanders hiss,
 To those dire Confiners shall you all be sent,
 Where Fires at once shall quicken and torment;
 And as you burn, Hell's Roof shall open'd be,
 You distant Souls in Paradise may see,
 And by their Joy, encrease your own sad Misery.

* Bailiffs and
 Hangmen.

Thus

(29)

Thus *Radamanthus* spoke -----

Then did the Guards their proper Pris'ners take,
And, by force, drag them to the burning Lake,
Who hung an Arse, like Bears, when hauling to the Stake.

CANTO VI.

Soon as the Scribes were to their Torments gone,
I heard another Crowd come trampling on;
Grave Seigniors led the *Æsculapian* Rout,
Some crying, Oh! the Stone, some, Oh! the Gout;
Holding in ev'ry Interval a Char,
Of *Acids*, *Alkalies*, and Hell knows what.
Some boasting of a *Nostrum* of his own,
To all the College but himself unknown.
Another prais'd an universal Slop,
Made from the sweepings of a Drugster's Shop;
Whose wond'rous Vertues may be seen in Print,
Tho' he that made it never knew what's in't.
Another wisely had acquir'd an Art,
To make a Man Immortal by a Squirt.
Some with two Talents were profusely blest,
And seem'd to study least, what they profess,
In earnest Poetry, and Physick but in jest.
One hop'd by Saryr he himself should raise
To the same Honour some had done by Praise,
But angry seem'd because he lost his Aim,
And did th' Ingratitude of Princes blame,
Who gave not that Reward he might in Justice claim.
As they mov'd forwards great Complaints they made
Against the crafty Pharmaceutick Trade;

Bad were their Med'cines, and too great their Price,
 Little their Care, and ign'rant their Advice;
 Who from the Bills they fill'd had found a way
 To seem as Wise, and be as Rich as they.

Ne'er fear, says one, a Project I'll advance
 Shall bring them back to their first Ignorance.

The Means propos'd were neither wise, nor fair,
 A frothy Thought that vanish'd into Air,
 And left the wrinkled Consult in a deep despair.

Graduates and Emp'ricks here did well agree,
 And kindly mix'd, like Gold and Mercury.

Both had their Bands, their Canes Japan'd with black,
 Each in their Carriage had the same grave Knack,
 'Twas hard to know the Doctor from the Quack.

Both skill'd to sift the Patients Worth, or Want,
 And furnish'd were alike with Chamber-Cant:
 Both could advance their Cane-heads to their Nose,
 And bid the Nurse take off, or lay on Cloths;

Judge the sick Pulse, pursuant to the Rule,

And ask the Patient when he'd last a Stool:

Both talk'd alike, alike did understand,

Each had hard Words as Plenty at Command;

But that which some small distance had begot,

One knew from whence deriv'd, the other not.

The Emperick therefore in Dispute oft yields,

And gives the College D---ce the Mast'ry of *Moorfields*.

Thus he that's Sick to either may address,

For both administer with like Success,

The Quack oft kills, the Doctor does no less.

(31)

Next these a Troop of Med'cine Mongers went
 With Cordials in their Hands, they should not faint;
 Who rail'd against the College Dons, and swore
 Themselves as Wise as those that went before.
 One much disturb'd his Brethren were oppress'd,
 Attention begg'd; and thus he spoke his best:
 Thro' Zeal to's Trade, he rashly did begin,
 Speaking as if on Earth he still had been:
 If to our Wrong, Physicians stoop so low,
 To keep a Med'cine Warehouse, let 'em know,
 We'll practice Physick till we kill and slay
 As many Thousands in a Year as they.
 The Poor they promis'd should have Med'cines free,
 Instead of that the Upper-World may see,
 They make 'em pay great Rates for as bad Goods as we.
 Therefore in just Revenge let's drive at all,
 Advise, Bleed, Purge, and no Phisician call:
 Thus into obstinate Resolves they broke,
 And wisely, like Apothecaries, spoke,
 We will do what we will, and let them see,
 As long as we don't care, pray what care we.

St. Barth'lomew's Physicians next came up,
 Some bred *Tom-Fools*, and some to Dance the Rope:
 One Month employ'd i'th' Business of the Fair,
 And th' other Eleven stroling Doctors were.
 Of Learning these no Portion had, or Sence,
 Their only Gift was downright Impudence:
 Chiefly in *Germany* and *Holland* born,
 But *England's* Plague, and their own Country's Scorn.

The Poor Fools Idol, and the Wiseman's Scoff;
 Yet often cur'd what Learned Heads left off.
 With these were Sow-Gelders, and Tooth-Drawers mixt,
 And Barber-Surgeons here and there betwixt.
 Some round their Necks had Chains and Medals got,
 For Curing some strange Prince of God knows what:
 Others who Bulls, and Bores, and Colts had Gelt,
 Wore Silver Horse-shoes on a Scarlet Belt.
 Whilst Spoon-Promoters with the rest came on,
 Adorn'd with Sets of good sound Teeth they'd drawn.
 Illit'rate all, from painful Study freed,
 Scarce one could Write, and very few could Read.
 Themselves they Extol'd, on others heaping Blame,
 Their Bills and common Talk were much the same:
 When e'er they spoke their barren Nonsense shew,
 They little had to say, and less to do.
 Some from the Loom, some from the Laff arose,
 Others from making or from mending Cloaths.
 Pretending all such useful Truths they'd found
 In Physick's Riddle, which but few expound,
 That was most pleasant, speedy, safe and sure,
 And in the twinkling of an Eye would Cure
 The worst Disease on Earth, that Mortal cou'd endure.

Close to the Bar they now began to Crowd,
 Hoping for Mercy, very low they bow'd.
 The Judge being tir'd, did for some Hours adjourn,
 And left 'em there to wait the Court's Return.

A
Journey to H---:

OR, A

Visit paid to, &c.

A

P O E M.

PART II

Both Parts by the Author of the London-Spy.



L O N D O N,

Printed, and are to be Sold by the Booksellers of
London and Westminster. 1700.

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A

Journey to H—:

OR A

First part to, &c.

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P O E M.

PART II.

Both Parts by the Author of the London-Spy.

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L O N D O N.

Printed, and are to be sold by the Booksellers of
London and Westminster. 1700.

THE PREFACE

I Have reason to suspect, from some Clamours I have heard against the Title of this Poem, upon the Publication of the First Part, that 'tis a very wicked Age we live in, since the very Name of Hell and the Devil are such wonderful Scare-crows to a parcel of Puritanical Fornicators, which, if they had been oftner put in mind of his Infernal Worship, and his dreadful Dominions, might have been a means, for ought I know, of frighting 'em from a Licentious and Wicked Life, into more Honesty and Vertue. Words in themselves are no more than Marks by which we signifie or express the Conceptions of our own Minds, or raise up Idea's of the same things we represent in others.

Therefore to put the World in mind of Hell and the Devil, in a justifiable way, representing both as terrible as the narrowness of my Capacity would give me leave, I hope can be no Fault, since it is reasonable enough to believe, the dread of eternal Punishment deters more People from an Ill Life, than the hopes of everlasting Happiness has induc'd to a Good one; for we may observe the weakness of Humane Nature to be such, that the fear of Wracks and Tortures has often brought Offenders and Conspirators to a Confession of their Guilt and Plots, when the reward of Life would not tempt 'em to a Discovery; and almost every Man may find, who will but examine himself or observe others, that Prosperity in this World does not so much elevate a Man, as Adversity depresses him; Pleasure does not so much affect us as Pain, which makes us more watchful to avoid the one, than industrious to obtain the other. I declare my Intention to be good, and those that look into the Design without Prejudice, must allow it to be so: But as for such kind of zealous Shop-Criticks, who are afraid to peep into the Book because they see the Devil in the Title-Page, I must needs tell 'em, it savours more of ridiculous Preciseness and Hypocrisy, than it does of true Zeal or good Judgment, and I think they deserve as much to be laugh'd at for being angry with the Title upon that Account, as the Lady did for burning her Bed upon another, which affording something of a Jest, I'll proceed to the Story. In the Times of Confusion, when the Sword had cut down the Scepter, Purity knock'd down the Church, and a High Court of Justice had destroy'd both Law and Equity, there happen'd then to be a very Devout Lady, who number'd her self amongst the prevailing

A 2

Saints,

The PREFACE.

Saints, and would not suffer any thing that had been polluted to harbour under her Roof; the more to strengthen her in her Religious Exercises and Heavenly Meditations, she kept a thumping lusty Precisian in her House, which she call'd her Chaplain, who was always wonderful busie in watching the Lambs of Grace in the Family, that they might not Err and Stray like lost Sheep; and at last happen'd, by his vigilance, to discover a Man-Servant and a Maid-Servant upon a Bed together in very close Conjunction, and running presently to the Good Lady, brought her to the Key-hole of the Door to be an Eye-witness of the Matter, who seeing such an abomination committed in her House, call'd out to 'em with all impatience to open the Door, and for a Couple of unsanctified Wretches to depart her House, which she fear'd would fall under some heavy Judgment for so vile a Transgression; their business being done, in Obedience to their Lady's Commands, they drew the Bolt, and the enrag'd good Gentlewoman, with the assistance of her Holy Servant, turn'd 'em out into the Street, by Head and Shoulders, which being done, they consulted together how they should punish the defiled Bed, for assisting them in their Wickedness, at last concluded it should be burnt, which was done accordingly; who should come by, when the sinful Utensils were in Flames, but the Fellow who had been the Transgressor, and being inform'd what the Fire was made on, Egad, says he, they might as well have burnt all the Beds in the House, and most of the Chairs to boot; for there are none of the one, and very few of the other, but what, to my Knowledge, have been privy to the same business.

I only give this Story as an Instance of the unaccountable Folly and blindness of some Folks Zeal; for if every Bed was to be burnt that has been thus polluted, and every Book to be suppress'd that has Hell or the Devil's Name in it, our Libraries would be very thin, and our Houses but indifferently Furnish'd; besides, as to the latter, the drift of the whole Poem being to detect and scourge the Frauds and Wickedness of Men. I say, they may as well Censure most Sermons preach'd, in the Nation, wherein the same Bugbear Words are us'd with a good Intention: But however, because such Persons should not be Offended, I have, in this Part, put Hell with a dash, and supplied the place of the Devil with an &c. which Method, to please 'em, I shall continue in all the succeeding Parts, which (God willing) I intend to carry on as long as the World shall give Encouragement.

Farewel.

A Jour-

A

Journey, &c.

PART II.

IN the Court's absence hot Disputes arose,
 Betwixt the Doctors and their Dogst--d Foes ;
 No Blows they had, but every warm Debate
 Did in abusive Language terminate ;
 Quack, Emp'rick, Clyster-giver, Fool, and Knave,
 Close-stool-Promoter, Buttock-peeping Slave,
 Physician's Vassal * kept at first to Trot
 With Vomit, Vial, Purge, and Gally-Pot,
 To pick our Drugs and Herbs, and what is worse,
 To bear the Teaze of ev'ry tattling Nurse ;
 Drudge to the Peffle and a Charcoal Fire,
 Only maintain'd to save a Porter's Hire,
 And now ! to thus audaciously presume
 To prescribe Physick in a Doctor's room,
 When you no more of Theory understand,
 Than Monsters in the Ocean do of Land :
 Whence sprang this unaccountable advance,
 But from base Impudence and Ignorance ?

* Apotheca-
 ries origi-
 nally Ser-
 vants to
 Physicians.

B

Whence

Whence can you boast your Knowledge, lest you own,
 By study of your Files you're Learned grown?
 And if you do, 'tis but a weak defence,
 For none but Quacks from *Recipes* Commence:
 If from Prescriptions you could once attain
 To be a competent Physician,
 Read *Usher's* Sermons, where the Gospel Thines,
 And you as well may make your selves Divines:
 How will ye find, by an old musty Bill,
 New Patients Constitutions when they're Ill?
 Or if unlearn'd in Physick's crabbed Laws,
 How the Distemper judge, or guess the Cause?
 No, your pretended Skill's a dangerous Cheat,
 To bubble those who want both Health and Wit.
 If an old File can such Instructions give,
 As teach you how to make the Dying Live,
 How far must we Excel, what Wonders do,
 Who gave at first those *Recipes* to you!

This Scourge made all the Crabs-Eye Crew run mad,
 Who answer'd 'em in Language full as bad,
 They hum'd and buz'd about like angry Bees,
 And look'd as poy'snous as *Cantharides*,
 Vex'd at the two-edg'd Sayings of the Bard,
 Thus they began, spoke loud, and wou'd be heard:
 Cast on your selves but an impartial Eye,
 Look round your ill-compos'd Society,
 And you as empty Dunces there may find,
 Quite deaf to Learning, and to Reason blind,

(7)

As e'er swept Shop, or did a Counter wipe,
 Or ry'd a Bladder to a Clyster-Pipe:
 Some *Hogan Mogan* Quacks, first Taylors bred,
 And from the Shop-board were Physicians made,
 By old Receipts of others, not their own,
 Grow famous Curers of the Gout or Stone:
 Why may not we Prescribe as well as these,
 Who ne'er read *Galen* or *Hippocrates*,
 Or any part of Physick's System know,
 Beyond what our *Dispensatories* show.
 Others of *Oxford* may, or *Cambridge* boast,
 Who had a Twelve-month's standing there at most,
 Where what he learn'd at School he not improv'd, but lost,
 Whose wand'ring Thoughts no Study could entice,
 But is expell'd for Negligence or Vice.
 And thus the Rake fall'n short of a Degree,
 Chaplain or Curate he despairs to be,
 At last Physician turns thro' meer Necessitie.
 When thus resolv'd, he does to *Holland* go,
 Where Quacks and Mountebanks like Mushromes grow,
 Spring up as fast; a *Recipe's* their rise,
 And thus they're made Physicians in a trice.
 But he more learn'd in School-Boy Rules repairs
 To *Leyden*, where he's taught to stand the Bears,
 There spends Six Months, and at a small expence,
 Does two or three Degrees at once Commence:
 Then Home he comes, and does admittance gain,
 Amongst the grave old Bards in *Warwick-Lane*,
 Adorns his Copy'd Prescripts well as they,
 With the learn'd Capitals, *M. F. S. A.*

A Pill made publick is his main support,
 Which he takes care does neither good nor hurt;
 Fam'd for som wond'rous Cure at som strang Prince's Court;
 He's always hasty, trots a Coach-Horse pace,
 And bears the Title (Doctor) with a Grace:
 Furnish'd with Terms, he can the Patient pose,
 And runs at all, tho' nothing truly knows;
 Undertakes desp'rate Cures for weighty Summs,
 Coz'ning the Patient wheresoe'er he comes;
 Why may not we, to make up Med'cines bred,
 The same Admin'ister, and as well succeed
 As this unskilful interloping Crew,
 Ign'rant of Physick, nay, and Med'cine too.
 The Learn'd but make of both a common Jest,
 A Leyden Quack, and Salamanca Priest:
 Therefore -----

The Judge returning, ended the Dispute,
 And with his awful Presence struck 'em Mute;
 As wrangling Mob, together by the Ears,
 Grow silent when the Constable appears.
 Down in great Pomp the grave Assembly sits,
 The Lamps grew dim, the Cryer call'd fresh Lights.
 Then Pluto's Orator his Papers spread,
 And to the Court this short Oration made:
 My Lord -----
 Within the Circle of a solar Year,
 Such numbers of these Criminals appear
 At this last Bar of Justice, that there needs
 But short recital of their sinful Deeds;

A long *Exordium* therefore I'll forbear,
And just remind your Lordship what they are.

These were the Enemies to Humane Good,
Who did the languishing Difeas'd delude,
With gilded Poysons to abuse their Blood,
And did to the mistaking World pretend
Man's Life from Fate, *pro Tempore*, to defend,
Instead of which, to one their Art could save,
They hasten'd Legions headlong to the Grave;
And by their Pills, so *speedy, safe, and sure*,
Begot more Evils than their Art could Cure.
Some Fools and Tumblers, some Mechanicks bred,
Who quitted Needle, Last, or some such Trade,
To barb'rously encrease the numbers of the Dead.
When lustful Brutes were weary of their Wives,
And wanted younger Flesh to bless their Lives.
These were the Artists who by Med'cines force,
Gave, on good Terms, a Physical Divorce,
And often help'd, at reasonable Rates,
Impatient Heirs much sooner to Estates,
Well knowing whensoever they exert their Skill,
The rich old Dad, or homely Spouse to kill,
The Son or Husband ne'er disputes the Doctor's Bill.
If to a Patient call'd, to them unknown,
When first into the House or Room they're shewn,
The mercenary Quack looks round to see
What signs of Want, or of Prosperity
Appear about the Chamber, and from thence
Does his Advice accordingly dispence:

If meanly Furnish'd, and coarse Sheets, they're Poor,
 The Country Air must then perform the Cure;
 But if the Patient's Rich, Lie still, dear Sir,
 Nurse keep him close, 'tis present Death to stir,
 I'll send a Drink shall rectifie his Blood,
 Drenches and Drops can only do him good,
 Pearl-Cordials, made of Crabs-Eyes, must be now his Food.
 Thus is the Wretch with Physick stuff'd and cloy'd,
 And what he begs for most, is most deny'd,
 Till pin'd away at last to Skin and Bone,
 Only for want of Food to live upon:
 But when giv'n o'er, if Nature be but strong,
 The Cook oft proves the Doctor in the wrong,
 And does his Life with Kitchen Physick save,
 Brought by base Emp'ricks once so near the Grave.

From hence, my Lord, it plainly does appear,
 Such Doctors many Thousands in a Year,
Secundum Artem, kill, for want of good small Beer.
 Thus is the noblest Science most abus'd,
 And Patients by unskilful Quacks misus'd.
 These Mercenary Methods they pursu'd,
 Regarding nothing but their own Self-Good.
 What Pains to these inhumane Crimes are due,
 My Lord, I humbly must submit to you.

The Judge arose, his Countenance compos'd,
 And to the Pris'ners thus his Mind disclos'd;
 You who, pursuant to the God's Decree,
 Are to receive your final Doom from me,

Your

Your Crimes are great, which you your selves well know,
 Expect no Mercy, for I none can show;
 Since you with loathsome Slops have Crowds destroy'd,
 Whilst you your selves good wholesome Food enjoy'd;
 Kill'd on, without regard to dying Groans,
 And fill'd Church-Yards with your own Skeletons,
 To Pains I'll doom ye, yet to Hell unknown,
 Proportion'd to the hainious Ills you've done:
 Such pois'nous Drenches shall you always swill,
 As more and more torment, but never kill:
 Each odious Draught shall still encrease your Hate,
 And gripe you worse than *Afnick* does a Rat.
 As close as barrel'd Figs you shall be cram'd,
 Without the hopes of being e'er undamn'd:
 There Purge, Spue, Piss, Sweat, to the worst degree,
 And stink together to Eternity.

The Doctors at their Sentence hawk'd and spir,
 The Apothecaries puk'd with meer conceit,
 And with sad sickly Looks did humbly pray
 The Court, they might be damn'd the common way.
 The Judge to their Request had no regard,
 But sent 'em to receive their just Reward.

CANTO VI.

These were succeeded by a numerous Throng,
 Who scan'd their Paces as they march'd along,
 Some in their Hands had Songs, and some Lampoons,
 Some Read, whilst others Sung *White-Fryars* Tunes.
 Amongst

Amongst 'em, here and there, a stanch'd old Wit,
 Who long had stood the Censure of the Pit,
 Emphatically mouthing to the rest,
 Some Madman's Rant, or some Fools barren Jest :
 Repeating all things like a Man Inspir'd,
 Storming or Smiling as the Sence requir'd.
 Some who had Lyrick'd o'er a lucky Strain,
 Look'd as if lately Rig'd in *Drury-Lane* ;
 Whilst others, banter'd by their Jilting Muse,
 Appear'd in Thread-bare Coats and rusty Shooes,
 Yet all had Swords hung on strange aukward ways,
 From Poet *Nimby* to the worthy Bays ;
 Not wore as Soldiers do their Arms, to fight,
 But for distinction, as an Author's Right,
 Who tho' he hurts sometimes, yet hates to kill,
 And never Wounds but with a Goose's Quill.

The mungril Sriblers, who could stand no Test,
 Bow'd low with Veneration to the rest,
 Entreating some grave *Seignior* to peruse,
 A Leathern Satty against Wooden Shooes ;
 Or else a Poem, praising to the Skies,
 The Cook that first projected Farthing-Pies,
 Crying it was not heighten'd to his Power,
 Because he loosely writ it in an Hour ;
 The anngrý Bard with sundry Trifles teaz'd,
 Made it much worse, and then the Fool was pleas'd.

Some about preference of Wit fell out,
 And made a Rior in the Rhiming Rout,

Wound-

(9)

Wounding each other with Poetick Darts,
 And rail'd like *Billingsgates* to show their Parts;
 Each envious Wasp stung t'other at no rate,
 Expressing not his Judgment, but his Hate.
 Thus did the Partial Criticks all run Mad,
 And fiercely strag'd for what neither had;
 As Whores their Reputations oft defend,
 And for a Good Name, which they want, contend;
 Whilst ev'ry stander-by the Feud derides,
 Takes neither part, but ridicules both sides.
 When round the Bar *Apollo's* Sons were spread,
 And Proclamation was for Silence made.
 Hell's Advocate began his just Report,
 Op'ning their Accusations to the Court.

May't please your Lordship-----

----- these the Taglines are,
 Who softly Write, and very hardly Fare;
 They tune their Words as *Tubal* did his Shells,
 And Chime 'em as a Green-Bird does his Bells:
 Their Muses leisure wait, and Rave by fits,
 By some call'd Madmen, by themselves call'd Wits;
 Who, to improve, and please a vicious Age,
 Lampoon'd the Pulpit, and debauch'd the Stage;
 And with convincing Arguments profess,
 Wit was best relish'd in a Bawdy Jest;
 Writ wanton Songs would fire a Virgin's Blood,
 And make her cover what's against her good:
 Laid such obscene Intrigues in ev'ry Play,
 That sent warm Youth with lustful Thoughts away.

D

And

And when thus guilty, a defence could urge,
And justifie those Ills they ought to scourge.

These are the Flatt'ers, who with fulsome Lies
Made Knaves seem honest, and rich Fools seem wise;
Misplac'd the Epithets, Great, Good, and Just,
Us'd them as Masks to cover Pride and Lust:
Virtues to each vain gilded Fop they gave,
Made Niggards Generous and Cowards Brave;
Found Charms and Graces for each homely She,
And highly prais'd each Jilt of Quality;
Made her all Beauty, Innocence Divine,
And like a Goddess in their Poems shine,
Who whilst they sung her Praise, in Fact was lewd,
And lawless Pleasures ev'ry Hour pursu'd;
If lib'ral of her Gold they'd give her Charms,
Thus sold their Praise as Heralds do their Arms.

The World they cheated into base Mistakes,
And gull'd 'em with a thousand Rhiming Knacks;
With Fancies, witty Flirts, and musing Dreams,
Extravagantly heighten'd to Extreems.
If Praise they writ, then ev'ry partial Line,
Shou'd make the *Bristol* Stone like Diamond Shine;
Or vouch a Nosegay of some Lady's Farts,
More fragrant than a Rose, to shew their Parts.
Their Works are all false Mirrors, where Men see
Not what they are, but what they cannot be:
Such luscious Flatt'ries flowing from each Pen,
As make their Patrons Gods, not Mortal Men.

Thus

(II)

Thus some affecting Grandeur, by a Cheat
 Are often made so Popular and Great.
 As the proud *Sapho* did, by Parrots praise,
 Himself above all Humane Glory raise;
 And by his subtle and amusing Fraud,
 Procur'd the Veneration of a God.
 So are the Prisoners at the Bar (my Lords)
 A jingling Consort of deceitful Birds,

Who sung about the World, like common Fame,
 Hyperboles of Praise to each great Name,
 And made those Actions Glorious which deserv'd but Shame.

The lewd Great Man, that banter'd Holy Writ,
 And ridicul'd Religion, was a Wit;
 For all things render'd able, tho' for nothing fit.

Sublime his Notions, and refin'd his Thoughts,
 Their Dedications wip'd away all Blots,
 And made the wild young Fop an Angel without Fau'ts.

The Patron of his Gold profusely free,
 To indulge himself in his Debauchery,
 Was generously Great, to a laudable degree.

If too much love of Money was his Vice,
 He did the Pleasures of the World despise,
 And was with them no less than Provident and Wise.

Tho'

Tho' ne'er so vile, if th' Muses Friends they were,
 For every Vice a Virtue shou'd appear,
 Poems and Dedications kept their Honours clear.

If they writ Satyr, 'twas their only Care
 To represent things blacker than they were;
 Nay, clap a Sable Vizard on the brightest Fair:

Make the best Creatures to their Lash submit,
 Render each Virtuous She a Counterfeit,
 And Stile the Pious Virgin but a Hypocrite.

The saving Man as Niggard they'll accuse,
 The gen'rous Worthy they can call Profuse,
 Thus all that's Good and Just, when e'er they please, abuse.

The sober Student is a Bookish Dunce,
 The Wit that's free spends too much Brains at once,
 And he that's Brave or Bold, is but a Flash or Bounce.

Religion, when they please, is but a Trick,
 The Priests are Hounds that hunt a Bishoprick,
 Who for the same Reward wou'd truly serve Old Nick.

Thus Cause or Person, whether bad or good,
 That in their bias'd Path of Interest stood,
 Were without Merit prais'd, or falsely render'd Lewd.

Thus

(13)

Thus, may it please your Lordship, have I run
Thro' the chief Ills their bias'd Pens have done,
And must conclude, 'tis now the Bench's part
To give the Rhiming Paupers their desert.

Their Accusations being all made plain,
The Judge himself austerely thus began.

You who by Nature had such Gifts allow'd,
As rais'd your Minds above the common Crowd.
When thus enrich'd, to condescend so low
As stoop to Railing, or to Flatt'ry bow,
Shame on your Cow'rdly Souls, to so abuse
That *Genius* giv'n you for a nobler use.
To've heighten'd Virtue should have been your Task,
And show'd the Strumpet Vice without her Mask.
To've giv'n the Wise Respect, taught Fools more Wit,
Reprov'd, and not have rais'd vain Self-Conceit;
By Flatt'ring some for Int'rest, who abhor
Those very Virtues you have prais'd 'em for,
Whilst the Great Soul who true desert contains,
Is render'd Odious by your envious Pens.
For these Offences, which your Charge makes plain,
Destructive to the common Peace of Man,
This Sentence I Decree -----

To Hell's remotest Caves ye shall be sent,
In woful Verse you shall your Crimes recant,
And Criticising Devils shall your Souls Torment,

E

Nay,

Nay, further, to encrease your wretched State,
 Shall write in praise of Bailiffs, whom you hate,
 And humbly, in your Poems, stile 'em Good and Great.

Brisk Clarret, and th' obliging Miss dispraise;
 Thus shall you Scribble 'gainst your Wills both ways,
 And ev'ry Imp shall make Bumfodder of your Lays.

CANTO VII.

This Scene being ended, and the Poets gone,
 After some space a new Parrade came on;
 A Throng of angry Ghosts that next drew near,
 Large as a *Persian Army* did appear;
 Each to the rest show'd Envy in his Looks,
 Some Writings in their Hands, some printed Books.
 The learn'd Contents of which they knew no more,
 Than the Calves Skins their sundry Volumes wore,
 Down from the bulky Folio to the Twenty-Four.
 As they press'd on, confus'dly in a Crowd,
Piracy, Piracy, they cry'd aloud,
 What made you print my Copy, Sir, says one,
 You're a meer Knave, 'tis very basely done.
 You did the like by such, you can't deny,
 And therefore you're as great a Knave as I.
 By their own Words I found alike they were,
 The Dev'l a Barrel better Herring there.
 Printers, their Slaves, being mix'd amongst the rest,
 Betwixt 'em both arose a great Contest:

Th'

(15)

Th' ungrateful *Bibliopoles* swoln big with Rage,
 Did thus their servile *Typographs* engage :
 You Letter-picking Juglers at the Cafe,
 And you Illit'rate Slaves that work at Press,
 How dare you thus unlawfully invade
 Our Properties, and trespass on our Trade,
 Print Copies for your selves, and fill the Town,
 Instead of ours, with Pamphlets of your own;
 Publish upon your own Accounts each Day,
 And buy our Authors off with better Pay ?
 How can you justify such Wrongs as these,
 When both, by right, shou'd bow your Heads and Knees, }
 To Write and Print for us, and at what rates we please ? }

This Arrogance inflam'd the Printing Crew,
 And from their Tongues these sharp reflections drew :
 Ye poultry Tribe, we bow our Heads to you!
 Pray when, or how, became this Homage due ?
 What has possess'd your Noddles with this Dream ?
 Our Trade's an Art soars high i'th World's esteem:
 'Tis we the Labours of the Learn'd disperse,
 And diffuse Knowledge thro' the Universe,
 We give new Light, Obscurities remove,
 All Sciences preserve, the same improve ;
 Which were it not for us would quickly die,
 And must in dark Oblivion bury'd lie.
 Nay, I may boldly say, the Church and State
 Are by our means supported and made great :
 Yet Gratitude obliges us to give,
 Preference to Authors, 'tis by them we live.

We did at first, and still alone can do
 Their Business, and no Aid require of you,
 Who were at first but Hawkers, and no more,
 Employ'd to range the Town and Country o'er;
 Travel'd with Asses to convey your Books,
 And kept no Shop but Panniers, Bags, and Pokes.
 Thus trudg'd to Markets, strol'd to ev'ry Fair,
 -- Open'd your Wallets on the Ground, and there,
 Amongst Hogs, Pigs, and Geese expos'd your learned Ware. }
 Thus you at first were neither more nor less,
 Than servile Pedlars to the fruitful Press;
 No Copies cou'd ye buy, no Charter boast,
 But now alas, those good old Times are lost.

Corners of Streets, and Gateways in the Town,
 Were chosen Places where your Stocks were shewn;
 There sate like Women with their Curds and Whey,
 Had none, or very little Rent to pay:
 Sold Ballads, Penny-Books, poor Fools to please,
 Tom Thumb's old Tales, or such like Whims as these.
 At last, by Time and Chance more prosp'rous made,
 Leap'd into Shops, and so advanc'd your Trade;
 As you grew Rich, still proving greater K--ves,
 Made Authors Hacknies, and the Press your Slaves:
 Why should we thus your Impositions bear,
 Who rais'd you first to be what now you are?
 Both, to our Grief, have been too long your Tools,
 They sell their Brains like Asses, we our Pains like Fools.

(17)

This made the Libel-Venders Wrath run high,
 They shew their Teeth, began a warm Reply;
 But that the Cryer call'd 'em to the Bar,
 And the Court's awe suppress'd their rising War,
 They knew their Guilt, and humble rev'rence paid,
 Then all their Evils were before 'em laid.
 Thus says Hell's Council, I begin their Charge,
 Whose Crimes Stupendious are, their number large.

My Lord -----

These Sheepish Forms, who look so pale and wan,
 Corrupted by a strong desire of Gain,
 Kingdoms inflam'd, disturb'd the Peace of Man.
 These were the discontented Statesman's Tools,
 Who spread his Malice and impos'd on Fools;
 Princes abus'd, against their Thrones inveigh'd,
 Affronting Pow'rs by them should be obey'd.
 Base mercenary Scriblers did imploy,
 And when the Troubles of a State run high,
 Pour'd in their Pamphlets, did the World bewitch,
 With Paper-Engines still enlarg'd the Breach,
 Regarding not the Right of either side,
 But made the Mob's mistaken Zeal their Guide,
 Observ'd which way the People's Whimsies run,
 And follow'd them with Books to drive 'em on.
 Would Treasonable Lyes accumulate
 And pelt 'em at a weak declining State,
 Oft to a King's undoing, or a Nation's Fate.
 Printed both *Pro* and *Con* no matter what,
 Serv'd that Cause most, where most was to be got.

No publick Ill could reach the End desir'd,
 But their assistance must be first requir'd:
 Were Midwives to designs of restless Men,
 Which ought to've dy'd Abortives in the Brain.
 With hurtful Whims they kept the World in play,
 And introduc'd new Mischiefs ev'ry Day;
 Which the blind Crowd believing were mislead,
 And still were greater Fools the more they read.
 When things accru'd they'd to their Scribe repair,
 Hid in some lofty Turret L--d knows where:
 Where for small Pay, his mercenary Quill,
 Robs some of their good Names, gives others ill,
 Just as the Pris'ners at the Bar requir'd,
 To rail at any thing he wou'd be hir'd,
 Who, fond of what he Writes, thinks ev'ry Line inspir'd.
 These Mungril Scriblers they imploy'd in spight,
 To abuse Wits, and teaze 'em on to Write,
 That Press and Booksellers might both get Money by't.
 Kept 'em to raise up Jealousies and Fears,
 And set Mankind together by the Ears,
 As wifling Curs make Mastiffs oft engage,
 And keep a yelping to foment their Rage.
 But at a distance stand behind some Skreen,
 And, like true Cowards, shun the dang'rous Scene.

Next these, my Lord, my Breviate does include
 The blackest of all Crimes, Ingratitude,
 Distinguish'd by so vile, so foul a Stain,
 Hateful to Beasts, nay Devils, well as Men.

(19)

This Sin was epidemically spread,
 And by long use corrupted all the Trade, (Bread }
 T'wards Authors practis'd most, by whom they got their }
 Which aggravates the Evil, and does make }
 Their sullied Consciences appear more black.

When the unwary forward Youth begins,
 To trust his private Thoughts in publick Lines,
 Large Promises they'd make to draw him in,
 But their Performance he shoud find but win.
 If's Writings pleas'd, they gently fed his Wants,
 And tho' things Sold, yet vex'd him with Complaints,
 Instead of giving him that due Reward.
 His Pains deserv'd, and they might well afford,
 They'd means contrive to build him up a Score,
 And find a thousand ways to keep him Poor.
 When this was done, they'd awe him with their Frowns,
 And buy him as their Slave by lent Half-Crowns;
 Arrest him, plague him, thus should he be teas'd,
 Unless he drudg'd and scribl'd as they pleas'd:
 In Print abuse him, scourge him round the Town,
 And make his Reputation like their own.
 Thus did they feed on Author's teeming Brains,
 And kept 'em Starving to Reward their Pains,
 Whose Faculties decline, as Age creeps on,
 And when their sprightly Thoughts are fled and gone, }
 They leave the helpless Wretches miserably undone. }
 So th' Magget in a Nut that long has fed, }
 And by the Kernel fat and fair is made, }
 Disdains the empty Shell wherein he first was bred.

Next

Next these, my Lord, themselves could not agree,
 Or could they honest to each other be,
 But one anothers Properties invade,
 To th' scandal and the damage of their Trade.
 He that to's own Fraternity is base,
 Can ne'er be just, whilst Int'rest's in the Case ;
 But will for mercenary Ends pursue
 The worst of Ills that's in his Power to do :
 An Adage has declar'd, the Bird, at best,
 Is but an ill one that befouls his Nest.
 As such Ill Birds, my Lord, for such they are,
 I represent the Pris'ners at the Bar, (Care. }
 To reward these their Crimes deserves your Lordship's }

Th' impartial Judge deliberation took,
 And when determin'd, thus he gravely spoke.

You who before me do Convicted stand,
 Of publick Mischiefs to your Native Land,
 Besides Ingratitude, Fraud, Piracy,
 Unreasonable Gain, and Calumny,
 Souls blacken'd with such deep infernal Stains,
 I'm bound to punish with the greatest Pains.
 Beneath the Poets shall your Station be,
 From their Invectives you shall ne'er be free :
 With burning Satyrs they shall sting your Souls,
 As Farmers do their Hogs, or Cooks their Fowls.
 Pamphlets and Plays shall make your flaming Pile,
 And Author's Dung shall baste you as you broil.

And

And there for ever to encrease your Woes,
Read O---d---'s dull Rhimes, or Sh---y's Prose.

A trembling Bookseller amidst the Crowd,
When Sentence was pronounc'd, cry'd out aloud,
Ah! Neighbours, Neighbours, wou'd we'd honest been,
Why what a sad Condition are we in!
Poets you know were such faint-hearted Wretches,
That when their *Plays* were damn'd they'd foul their Breeches;
Indeed I dread them most of all our Evils,
For now they're damn'd themselves they'll drip like Devils.

C A N T O VIII.

Next came a jolly Troop of staggering Sots,
Arm'd, some with Glassees, some with Pewter Pots;
Who round their Hips had azure Ensigns ty'd,
Put on for use, but hanging low for Pride.
Some who were bound the bleeding Grape to thank,
Had Noses dy'd with Noble Juice they'd drank.]
Others crept after, whose Consumptive Looks,
Were paler far than either Smiths or Cooks;
Who wanting strength of Nature for their Trade,
B' excess of Wine meer Skeletons were made.
Amongst the rest some bulky Forms appear'd,
Huge strenuous Souls to be admir'd and fear'd;
Each at his Middle had a sharp ground Adds,
Looking like Giants that oppos'd the Gods.

Some Nippers in their Hands, as if they meant
 To catch the Devil's Nose, as did the Saint.
 As they went on amongst the Tipling Train,
 About Precedence some Disputes began ;
 The Hoghead Drummers, who to please the Mob,
 Can make such Musick with an empty Tub,
 Took some distaste, their friendly Union broke,
 And thus in Anger to the Vintners spoke,
 Have we taught you the Practical Deceits,
 Of Cider, Stum, the Whites of Eggs, and Sweets,
 How to Ferment, to Rack, to Mix and Fine,
 And all your pretty Knacks and Tricks with Wine.
 And shall you now in this presume to show
 Such Skill as we, who taught you what we know,
 Pretend Priority, take th'upper-hand,
 And think us servile Tools at your Command ;
 No, you shall find that we have so much Wit,
 To reserve some things never told you yet :
 Such secret Tricks that with your selves we play,
 Practis'd in Merchants Cellars ev'ry Day.
 Since we in managing of Wines know most,
 You ought to give us the precedent Post.

The Vintners to the Coopers thus reply'd,
 Strutting like Turkey-Cocks in all their Pride,
 Can you, proud Slaves, of us precedence ask,
 Whose business chiefly is to Hoop our Cask,
 Our Vaults and Cellars in due order keep,
 And watch our Pipes and Butts they do not sleep?

Tho'

(23)

Tho' you're thus Prodigal, we'd have you know,
 Our Station is above, and yours below ;
 We use no Arts to adulterate our Wine,
 Or with pernicious Slip-Slops make it fine.
 We only mix'd together Strong and Small,
 And gave 'em Natures course to rise and fall.
 The Coopers, what the Vintners urg'd, deny'd,
 And in a mighty Passion swore they Ly'd.
 Just as the swelling Feud thus high was grown,
 And pointed Words were at each other thrown,
 The Cryer call'd the Pris'ners to the Bar,
 The Vintners answer'd, *Coming, Coming, Sir.*
 When round the Court the Topping Crew were spread,
 Their sinful Charge was thus exhibited.

May't please your Lordship -----
 The numerous throng of Fuddle-Caps, that here
 Promiscuously before the Bar appear,
 On others ruine have themselves enrich'd,
 And with their charming Juice the World bewitch'd.
 Crowds of poor Mortals in a Year they flew,
 With base adulterated Stuffs they drew ;
 Impos'd on Customers when Drunk and Mad,
 And with good Words wou'd put off Wine that's bad.
 If fault, altho' deservedly, was found,
 They'd tell ye, if they search'd the Cellar round,
 They have no better, but with all their Heart,
 Will change it for a strong or smaller sort
 May please you better, but with some new Name
 Wou'd bring the cred'lous Bubble back the same,

And

And falsely swear his Pallat is amiss,
 If he finds fault with such Kind Wine as this,
 For that to please his Taste he'd broach'd a fresher Piece;
 Kept Cider in their Vaults with ill Design,
 Yet vow they never mix but Wine with Wine;
 Bought Eggs by Hundreds for their Cellars use,
 The Yolks made Puddings, but the Whites for Juice.
 For common Wine, unreasonably would ask
 Six-Pence the more because 'twas in a Flask,
 Bound with large Wickers, fill'd with heavy Port,
 Sold for French Claret, wanting of a Quart.
 And that their Crimes a deeper dye should take,
 Ingratitude made all their Actions black;
 For him wh' amongst 'em his Estate had spent,
 When Poverty had brought him to repent
 His Follies past, the Gainers in the end,
 Would blame him most, and be the least his Friend.
 Thus, says Hell's Pleader, I my Charge conclude,
 And to your Lordship leave the Tipling Multitude.
 The Judge sum'd up, in a short Speech, their Sins,
 And then the Culprits Doom he thus begins.

For Evils done above, from whence you came,
 Infernal Fevers shall your Souls inflame;
 Eternal Drowth upon your Tongues shall dwell,
 And all be fetter'd near an empty Well;
 Fine Rivers at a distance shall you see,
 Burnt Brandy shall your only Liquor be,
 And in this State remain to all Eternity.

The End of the Second Part.

Ac0

